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FOT BRANCH OFFICES WORLD UPTOWN OFFICE-1267 BROADWAY, be-tween 31st and 32d sts., New York, BROOKLYN-350 FULTON ST. HARLEM-News

tment, 150 Bast 125TH st. ; advertisements at 237 East 115TH ST PHILADELPHIA, PA. --LEDGER BUILDING, 112 SOUTH ST. WASHING. TON-610 14TH ST. LONDON OFFICE-32 COCESPUR ST., TRATALGAR

FREE MESSENGER SERVICE.

EVERY OFFICE OF THE MUTUAL DISTRICT TELEGRAPH COMPANY IS AUTHORIZED TO ACCEPT WANTS " FOR THE WORLD.

EVERY MUTUAL DISTRICT CALL BOX CAN BE USED FOR THIS PURPOSE AND NO CHARGE WILL BE HADE FOR

All Messenger Boys of the Mutual Dis trict Ca. are Provided with Rate Card and will take WORLD Ada.at Office Price

LOCATION OF Mutual District Messenger Co.'s Offices.

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22 Nassawast. 541 Broadway, 112 0th ave.
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25 Murray st., 120 Broadway, 185 Madison ave.
25 Murray st., 120 Broadway, 185 Madison ave.

apostles and upholders of pistol justice and

adherents of the now almost obsolete duello.

The dirk and revolver were his argu-

ments. At a time when the touch of

age should have tempered his spirit

be was still a croc-mitaine, threatening to

avenge his legal and political burts by the

shedding of blood. He sowed to the wind

There is, superently, no censure for his

A CRISIS FOR THE TURF.

To make a close gambling institution of the

American turf, to its certain degradation and

ultimate ruin, as Mr. WITHERS, one of the

Monmouth Park owners, seems inclined to

thousands who cannot personally attend,

YOU MAKE US TIRED.

FLACE and MONELL, Sher ff and Justice,

stop whining. Stop begging your friends

not to think ill of you. Stop telling a dis-

gusted public that you can vindicate your-

CUSTOM, NOT LAW.

Was it a "bluff" Gov. SEAY of Alabama

was making when he vowed to bring Cal.-

HOUN and WILLIAMSON, the Georgia duellists.

to justice? He seems to have gotten joyfully

Now, they say, nothing can be done until

nn in the sunny and chivalrous South. Who

has forgotten the mock trial of dirty McDow

THE LITERARY PEST AGAIN.

just shot a feller." And he spoke the truth.

IT DID NO HARM.

can't expect to win always, but if Boston will

lose every time we do the Giants will promise

to win plenty of days when the Beancaters.

Mr. SPALDING, of Chicago, must have

mild amusement of "one old cat." The

Good, game old Eurns gone, but he took

the Monmouth Handicap with him. If it

should prove his last race there will be the

pleasant recollection that it was run and won

That's our method of getting there.

Stop saying it, and do it.

your precious selves.

over his righteous haste.

And its life is still lusty.

don't.

score was 26 to 21.

mud horse.

the Cherokee Grand Jury meets.

for the shooting of Editor Dawson?

Horse racing must be open and above-

do, will not be an easy task.

and reaped the whirlwind.

to trial.

selves.

in overriding Gov. Hill's velo. It would be too disastrous to them."

It was also suggested that, with a knowledge of such a desi being on, the delegates to be sent to the State Convention by the Counties would find it rather difficult to secure admission to the councils of the Democratic party.

Regarding a possible union of Tanmany A PIT ENDING. Regarding a possible union of Tammanv Hall and the County Democracy on the local ticket. Mr. Croker closed as he opened the interview with the statement that it is "too early to talk about it." The miserable epitome of Judge TERRY life is that the State of California breathes easier for his death. He was a violent man, feared by a multitude, admired only by

> Bill Nye at the Earl of Fife's Royal Wedding. In Sunday's World.

MR. CROKER DOESN'T THINK THEY'LL BE

TRAITORS THIS FALL.

Win the Legislature and Override Gov.

each other in the approaching campaign?"

Hall, by an Evenino World reporter.

lain Richard Croker, the oracle of Tammany

Mr. Croker's views on the local political

situation are always interesting, for as Tam-

many's big chieftain wills so usually goes the

In view of the present situation of affairs

political - the success of the organization

which he leads: the apparent rout of the

County Democracy, and, above all, the

threat of a union of Republicans and Coun-

ties to control the next Legislature - anything

Mr. Croker may now have to say on this

question possesses more than ordinary in-terest.

He approached the subject with caution,

and declared that it was quite too early to say just what the three organizations will do, and he is not given to prediction.

"I have paid very little attention to the matter as yet." he said.

publican County Democracy deal?" was the

next question.
"I am disinclined to believe that there will

be a general and organized union of the County Democracy with the Republicaus.

"Some local leaders may, to further their own personal ends, do a little trading, but the leaders of the County Democracy are too

elever politicians to enter into any such

"I think that Mr. Voorhis is too good a Democrat to sell his party. "It would be like Samson pulling down the

pillars of the temple. The accomplishment of their vengeance would only work their own destruction.

You can depend on it that the wise heads of the Counties are not going to assist

n overriding Gov. Hill's veto. It would be

What do you think of the rumor of a Re-

on the Local Ticket?

ED MOTTS OLD SETTLER.

Ed Mott's "Old Settler" yarus have tickled thousands of readers as they were issued in the columns of a newspaper, and those who have thus enjoyed them will be among the first to hail with joy their publication by Belford, Clarke & Co. in peat pamphlet library form.

The Old Settler belonged to that numerous class who scorn to admit that there is anything slayer. Attorney-General MILLER doubts if class who scorn to admit that there is anything on earth or in heaven which they do not know. Little Peley, his grandson, was just an ordinary youngster with an interrogation point on the end of his tongue all the time, and the lessons in "natral histry" inclicated by his grandsire and recorded by Ed Mott, place the Old Settler at the head of the procession of impromptu liars.

The yarns embrace all sorts of subjects, Peleg asking a boyish question and winding up his grandpup for a tale of most marvelous adventure overy time. Deputy-Marshal NAGLE will ever be brought

asking a boyish question and winding up his grandpop for a fale of most marvelous adventure every time.

The nat'ral histry lessons are in backwoods dialect and—which cannot always be said of dialect stories—they are never tiresome, naver overdone nor underdone; but like the baby bear's soup, are "just right.

The backwoods similes, illustrations and comparisons are incumerable and in perfect harmony, and the anthor evinces an originality of thought and faithfulness to purpose not discoverable usually in this branch of literature.

The Old Settler, getting over his perplexity at Peleg's query. "What are the wild waves saving 7" which had been "put into the boy's head" by the just-from-town schoolina'am, tells the most remarkable warn of the series, whereby he distracts the attention of Peleg from his grandpop's apparent lack of information as to the trend of the remarks of the wild waves, and adds one new glory to his triumphal crown.

But t e yarns are all good. board and honest as the day, or it declines into a mere gambling device, condemnable as 'are or roulette, and will as surely merit the ban of law and the scorn of decent people, We don't care a rap for the pool-sellers, but we do demand full publicity on the race tracks in the interests of honesty and many

No D nger.

musn't work none for a month.

Arkansawyer-Does he? Wal, that's a bit provide the suitable nourishment. comin' in the crap season, but reckon he knows what's best.
"And he says you must not hunt or fish,

Or else resign. The people don't want either."
"What? The derined old fool! Why, he don't know beans. Huh! Think it's goin' ter hurt a feller ter hunt an' fish?" you. Nobody would be sorry, save perhaps

Wanted To Get Out.

Waiter-What will you have, sir? Countryman-Wa!, lemme see. Gimme ome tamb an' green peas. (Bawling order)—One lamb and emerald

phils. "Hel'on. Gosh'lmighty, a whole lamb; Durn my socks, sh'd think I would want pills. Lemme out. Which is ther nearest cut tew ther door? Scat." Oh! They know how to hush these things

The "Judge's" Cartoonist.

Bernhard Gillam, the chief caricaturist of hidge, is only thirty-two years old. He tried to make a living by painting pictures, but the public would not only them. Then he smashed his pictures and turned wooden-graver until he discovered that he could draw

Eight-year-old John Grapy walked into the constable's house in Kingsland, N. J., Wednesday night, and said calmly, "I've caricature that would make a man with the He had been reading dime novels and Answers to Correspondents.

"yearned for large excitement," This dime novel is an ancient invention of the devil.

F. G. R.-Write to the Secretary of War, Washington, D. C. Both leaders in the League race were Barber. - He loves \$20. Acre Jersey .- It is not necessary to get a most extraordinary shape. drubbed yesterday, and soundly, too. We

F. J. -It becomes a isokpot. Addish Schwatz, The evening High Schools, 5 Nortook street, 1"4 West Thurs, the street ad 235 East One Hundred and Twenty-nith

Investor. -We would advise you not to do so, Ross.—Send the carriet back and sue the tem a law District Court for the money you raid if her refus. to return the same.

Rayary Harris, John L. Sallivan was hand-enfled when he was arrested at Nashville. laughed to see the baseball game that was Coston House. The law is as you state it. played on an English cricket ground last week by English cricketers. It must have Knowing. - It would be improper not to use reminded him of his boyhood days and the

N. W. V. - Bead Kent's commentaries and Parsons on Contracts. E. N. N.-A girl becomes of age at twenty-

Bill Nye Relates Some Incidents on Board Ship. See the Sunday World.

Do You

on a sticky track. He was nothing if not a Have that extreme tired feeling, languer, without appe tite or strength, impaired digestion, and a general feeling of misery it is impossible to describe? Hood's Sar-The Tentonia's maiden trip was a fiyer.

Now nobody will rest until the question of superiority is settled between her and the City of Paris.

Solution and toning up the whole are the prepared to reliable yards and shellity. Besure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla. Sold by all druggists. \$1, sax for \$2.\text{ Prepared only by \$C. I. HOOD & CO. Apothecaries, Lowall, Mass.}

THE MUTUAL WATCH COMPANY,

COUNTING ON THE COUNTIES. BABES OF THE POOR

Under the Ministering Care of the Free John R. Voorbis, He Nays, In Too Good s Physicians. Democrat to Help the Republicans to

Hill-Will Tammany and Its Rival Unite Food, Clothes and Medicine Freely Distributed. "What will be the attitude of the several political organizations of this city towards

Nell Nelson Witnesses a Startling Death This question was propounded to Chamber-Scene.

THE CONTRIBUTIONS

1	THE CONTRIBUTIONS.
The state of the s	Already acknowledged

REPORT TO AUG. 15.

9,101 houses visited. 69,662 families visited. 8,026 cases relieved by prescription and therwise. M. L. POSTER

Director of Free Doctor Corps.

Money and Good Wishes. Please accept the inclosed #2 for the help

of some sick haby. May great success attend you in your noble work. MATTIE AND ANGE.

It Will Do Much Good.

To the Frister of The Frencist World . Inclosed please find \$5. I hope it will do some little one some good.

A FILLEND OF A CAUSE.

He Worked Hard and Well. To the Editor of The Free og World; When I read the account of your Sick Babies' Fund, although I am only a little boy, I thought I would like to help you, so my little did not give us as much as we wanted to send, so I asked some of the good people of Ocean Grove, where our cottage is, to help me, and I got \$2 from Inspector Steers, of New York, \$4, including my concert money. I am only sorry I could not get more, but only hope this will help to make some little boy or girl

as well and happy as my little sister and I

are. Yours truly, LEROY C. KENDALL, of Wilmington, Del.

They Got Up a Fair. In the Editor of The Evening World:

Five little chi'dren. Summer boarders here, conceived the idea "all by their own selves," of a fair, the proceeds of which should go to THE EVENING WORLD'S Sick Baby Fund. Raymond and James "hustled" in neighboring orchards; Meta, Flora and Mainte purchased small amounts of candy; the stump of a tree served as a table, and the neighbors responded heartily. The amount, \$5.57, we inclose, and it

would have been more if the whole thing hadn't been done ' upon the spur of the META HUBEL, 14. MAY E. GRAHAM, 10.

FLORA G. BEVINE, 11. JAMES A. GRAHAM, 11. RAYMOND KIDDER, 10.

A Dead Babe's Pennies. To the Editor of The Evening World We lost our only babe, one month old to-

day. She had 50 cents in her bank, so in her name I send it to help the sick babies in DORA B. PERKINS. your city. Kingston, N. J.

Proved Very Uneful. The Rudisch Company, of 317 Greenwich street, has generously donated several dozen jars of Sarco Peptones, which have been of Wife of Arkansawyer-The doctor says you great service by providing a nufritive food for children whose parents were too poor to

Co.Operates With the Good Work. Charles F. Lord, 482 Seventh avenue, vol-

unteers to fill prescriptions of THE EVENING World Corps free to those who are too poor to pay. He also gives a dozen cakes of Thujs soap for children afflicted with skin discases. Notes of the Work.

To a Poor Woman .- Send to Dr. M. L.

Foster, 36 West Fifty-lifth street, Chief of Free Doctors Corps.

Dr. Foster. It is impossible for Tue Evex. throat, and the arms and legs were little bet-INO WORLD to undertake to collect such con. | ter than cords. tributions, although they are very welcome when forwarded,

IN THE CHAMBER OF DEATH. A Startling Scene Which Nell Nelson Acct-

dentally Saw.

Nine o'clock by every reputable timekeeper in Battery place, when Dr. Burnett turns into Washington street, and entering a house climbs up to the sixth floor. A rap at the front door on the left brings no re-R. B. - A 50-cent piece of 1820 brings from 70 sponse, and fearing the worst the doctor to 50 cents, and one of 1837 from 70 to 85 turns the land we enter. In the middle turns the kneb and we enter. In the middle M. S .- There is no class in bookkeeping at of the floor, with a piece of brown paper for a bunk, ites his patient, a bald headed babe, whose shrunken little body a series of infantile troubles has knotted and twisten into a

Hanging out of the window, with his little red shirt for a flag, an aparchist in miniature. is five-year-old T.m. who has been left to nund the bouse.

He has his last on-nothing else. The decrer looks after the dving babe, and while I dress the big prother he tells us that he ain't had no brekins;" that the baby is "alright," and that his "mudder is over to see the dead woman in the alley."

A neighboring tennant is asked to receive the prescription and hospital card, and to

\$50 GOLD WATCH\$50 FOR \$38. One Dollar Weekly.

" Tell her the child is very sick and to get away with him at once." the floating hospital.

ered with bruises, and his father lies in the | want to go with us when we leave. front room in his coffin ready for burial. The man was only twenty-four and had been a 'longshoreman ever since ne left school.

His fortune amounts to an odd hundred mother and her child. What a legacy!

In the next house, sixth floor, an old hemicrania, the child is suffering from inflammation of the bowels.

On the doorstep, as we are going out, we meet Josephine, a slip of a girl not yet in her load of coal, the doctor follows her upstairs. eleven-month-old John.

That little tyrant has a pugllistic cast of countenance, a frightful attack of cholera a big man to passive grope our way and rap at morbus and every bone in his body is dis- Maggie's door. An old woman opened it. tenetly visible when the doctor undresses him for an examination. He must be taken to the seashore at once and his name is se- about Maggie at this time," and the moment cured to a big yellow card of admission to we get inside of the room we forget her, too, the hospital.

Another John, one and a half years of age. living very near the roof, has not been well a broth and kindling to make a fire for a form. warm bath I play pedagogue and preach has been speiling bread and babies for the past sixteen years.

Her hus and had gone to sea because be | could get nothing to do on land. The larder | lines of anguish and the marks of suffering and various sums from others, amounting to is empty, as is her purse, and her spirit and hardship. It is enough to look at the novers between uncertainty and despair. We assure her that the little one will be tenderly cared for at the hospital and that she too will be made comfortable.

The first and only specimen of beautiful, wholesome babyhood is found in a back about the throat. k-tchen on our way downstairs. He is a sturdy, square shouldered little fellow, just able to walk, a complexion like a peach and just such chubby cheeks as sculptors love to blow out in marble studies of childhood. We find him playing in the corner of the hot room where his mother is washing. He has the paper bag full of starch, which he holds between his teeth, refusing to surrender it. and giving the poor woman much concern for its safety.

"Yes, God be praised, he is well. And if I got my dues we'd be content." Her "dues" amount to some \$8, which

well-to-do people forget to liquidate, and which carelessness has robbed the beautiful cherub-boy of several meals. To-day there is nothing at all for him to eat, and I offer 10 cents for a kiss and am repulsed, for he is a man's baby and wounds me by volunteering to favor the doctor.

To test the mother's knowledge of domestic economy I ask the minimum cost of a din ner, and she tolls me that " fen cents will give us a splendid meat of hominy, tomatoes, rolls and milk."

We myest in ten meals, and we leave the grateful woman lockjawed with astonished delight. A few doors below, up a flight of stairs, we

come upon a mother and her four starving children. "Now, Mrs. T., you haven't done as I told you. Where's the medicine?"

Doctor, I didn't get it. I hadn't the "It was only 10 cents."

"If it was only one cent I couldn't get it." Can you believe that such destitution exists in a big, wealthy city like this, and will you

her children have not tasted solid food since Sunday? The babe was a more skeleton and so lightly covered with dark, unhealthy skin that not a bone in his anatomy was clothed. With my Mrs. A. Renners,-Thanks. Forward to thumb and foretinger I could span the little

believe it if I tell you that this woman and

One child is sick with scurvy, and the awful pallor of the sunken checks and the intense brightness of the deep-set eyes go to

make a most harrowing picture. The husband and father, a good man, too,

has all his life struggled against an avalanche of mis ortunes, and now with sickness, hunger and destitution in the house, with debts piled up for past rentand food, and with grim death staring him in the face, the haunting demon of his mind is where to find help. Our gift is but a mite, seemingly, yet the woman receives it in teacs, lays her sick babe

in the elder brother's lap, and while she is away buying medicine and bread the little ones begin to sing, and their shrill, piping voices can be heard all through the big tene.

In the rear in another house is a colony of Greeks, Syrians, Egyptians, Moors and Aralis, where astonishment gives place to our fears and pity to both. Men, women and children who own nothing in the world but the clothes they have on their backs are haddled together like sheep in the low, dark rooms, where for a few pennies lodging for the night is secured. All the space is taken up by the plank couches, built against the wall, three feet above the floor, leaving a passage two feet wide between.

On these rude platforms of scantling, with cracks between them far too big for comfort, the poor foreigners sleep without bedding or covering and only such a rest for their weary heads as an emigrant's bag would provide. During the day, men and women go

through the city peddling prayer beads, embroideries, drawn work, carved amber and ivory goods and various notions of foreign make. They subsist on a few ounces of rice and bread, black coffee and an occasional egg that does not exceed in all \$1 a week.

To-day there are four invalids, a young Greek, possibly twenty years of age, with just such features as artists and sculptors

repeat to the absent mother the doctor's have immortalized. He lies on a bare plank, Loretta Hyan, Florence Hunt, Dora Wolf TO-DAY & TO-MORROW directions. rolled up in a brown blanket, ill with acute and Eva Mendel. sore throat. Dr. Burnett gives him a lotion to produce sleep, and then looks after a trio solos, recitations and two little dramas. Next door is a girl mother of nineteeu. who of Athenian children who arrived in the soprano singing of Miss Loretto Ryan, a little has been married four years. One child is country Wednesday. They were sick the girl of a dozen years, was remarkable. in the grave and the other tending to the entire journey and are still too weak to move same place. The dector gives her a card to about. The girls are eight and nine and their brother is ten years of age. We are On the second floor the doctor calls on a | captivated by their beauty, give them pennies patient of fifteen months, slowly recovering for lemons and dates, and make such violent | tion on being promised that a goat would be from Summer complant. His face is cov. love to them that they forget their ills and given hun.

Now for a visit to seven-year-old Maggie and her new sister. From the street we turn into a whitewashed alley that leads to an oblong of tenement vards, with a row of outdollars, and when the funeral expenses are houses on the right, a brick building two paid there will not be \$20 for the young stories high on the left and heaven overhead.

In basement and upper windows there are men, women, children and infants: mothers roman of forty is found in bed with a little sit in the narrow doorways nursing their four-year-old daughter. The mother has troubles and their babies, and groups of little ones make mud pies in the soft filth under foot and besmear one another playfully but with hideous effect.

The dector stops to look at the toilers, and teens, carrying a bucket of coal. She tells us in less than twenty minutes had prescribed her nephew is sick, and relieving her of her for an odd dozen, six afflicted with Summer complaint and the others preyed upon by Poor Josephine is an orphan, and a sort of throat troubles. A you g girl has weak eyes, 'marchioness" for her grandmother, uncles | another is a consumptive, and three women, and step-aunt, and the slave and sweetheart of aged by overlapping misfortunes, beg for medical assistance.

Up a pair of stairs barely wide enough for How is Maggie?"

"Maggie? Sure no one was thinking and everything else but the horror of the spectacle before us. The room is 12x15, bare and comfortless,

since his twin brother died. To day he is The two windows that look over the parrow writhing and moaning with pair, and yard and into the windows of the opposite wasting away with disease. There does not | tenement are closed, but there is light enough seem to be any blood in his body and very in the gloom to see a young woman lying at little life. He, too, is sent to the care of the full length upon the ba e floor, will death good people in St. John's seaside hospital, stamped in her slender hands, in her livid and while the doctor goes for mutton to make | face, her glassy eyes, and about her shrunken The dark hair is matted, the lips are

sister and I gave a little concert. But that dietetics and child culture to a woman who parted and leaden, and drops of sweat stand on the smooth, white forehead. Imaged in the tranquil beauty and profound sleep of the young woman are the traces of care, the thin white hards to know that her struggle for existence has been a frightful one.

The body is dressed in a cheap cotton wrapper, the feet are bare, and dark marks, clutches of poverty and disease, are visible

All around the room are old women, who sit as close together as their chairs can be placed, gaz ng, as if fascinated, at the motionless form on the floor. One woman has a newspaper in her hand, with which she is fauning the face of death, and from her we are told that poor Katy died ten minutes ago. "She died in the feather bed there, pointing to a darkened room, "and we laid her out here to get cool." "What are all you women doing here?

the doctor asks." "Have you no business of your own, no homes, no children to look after?" For a moment there is no response from the gaping, curious circle of visitors other

than a shi ting of shawls and an occasional snuffle. One toothless woman, with withered face and palsied hands, says, "We're waiting for the child to die," and at this announcement

there is a chorus of affirmation. But the presence of these women is har rowing, the atmosphere of the room stifling and their morbidness beyond understanding. The babe, born thirty hours ago, is but the min ature of infancy. A pocket handkerchief wraps it as completely as a sheet would

hide a healthy child of normal size. It lies on a pillow, but its being is only a matter of an hour's time. The eyes have not yet looked on life, and there is not the faintest trace of beauty, strength or vigor in the shrivelled little form, The husband and father is just out of the

hospital, where for the last year he has been battling with consumption. The form on the bare floor, the gaping crowd about it, the diminutive creature on the pillow in the next room that is gasping for the breath of life-to all these he seems indifferent. He is waiting for the undertaker and wondering what arrangements a destinute

But the limit of my endurance has been reached, and leaving money enough to get a shroud for the unfortunate mother and a coffin for her tiny babe. I leave the doctor to await the second visitation of death and go. But poor, motheriess Maggie! We must look for her another time. Nell Nelson.

TO HELP THE BABY FUND.

Pretty Harlem Misses Give a Charming Entertalnment.

man can make with him.

A charming entertainment by a dozen of the prettiest little girls of Harlem was given last night in aid of The Evening World's Sick Baby Fund. The New York League Hall, 112 East One Hundred and Teuth street, was the scene of the entertainment and was filled with a delightful audience. The little girls who first thought of the en

tertainment and got it up were Miss Florence Ainsley and Miss Annie Quintero. A bevy of pretty little girls joined in the work. They were Mabel Hard, Alice Benedict, Nellie Melior, Gertinde Rubin, Dasy Quintero,



Its superior excellence proven in millions of homes for more than a quarter of a century. It is used by the fulled States (covernment. Indexed by the heads of he Great Universities as the Strousest, Purest and most destified. Dr. Price's Cream Basing Powder does not contain Ammenia, Lime, or Alum. hold only in Cans.

PRICE BAKING POWDER CO.

The programme included songs, piano

Miss Loretto Kelly, a delightful little singer, of 11 years, sang by request " The Lover and the Bird "and "Bid Me Good By and Go." Willie Ainley, three years old gave a recita

The acting of the little girls in the parts of Mrs. Langu sh and her friends was admirable. The programme was as follows:

Recitation—Power of Truth Piano Solo	. Florence Ainle
Piano Solo	Gertrude Rubi
Solo (soprano)	Loretta Rya
Solo (soprano) Recitation - Little Feet	Florence Hun
Dialogue	Annie Quinter Florence Ainle Dora Wolf
To the study of the state of th	i Florence Ainle
Piano solo	Dora Wolf
Piano solo Recitation—The Minute Gnu	Nellie Mello
PART II.	
Drama.	
Mrs. Languish	Daisy Quinter
Her Daughter	.Florence Ainle

Gertrude Rubin
Sellie Mellor
Alice Benedict
Mabel Hurd
Annie Quintero Lucy Aiken . . . Jennie Carter Susan Dean . . . Bridget ... Aunt Midget Annie Quintero
Piano solo Dora Wolfe
Recitation—McLean's Child Mabel E. Hurd
Piano solo—Trot de Cavalerie Gertu de Itubin
Dialogue—Misses A. Quintero, D. Quintero, F.
Ainley and M. Hurd
Recitation—Mrs. Piper Alice Benedict
Chorus By the Committee
Verse Willie Ainley
Chorus—Home, Sweet Home By the Committee

The Death Rate.

There were 125 deaths yesterday, fifty-four of which were children under five years of age This is quite a decrease in the number of hildren's deaths, and Dr. Nagle says it is due in a great measure to the untiring efforts of Tax EVENING WORLD'S COUPS Of physicians. The anses of the deaths yesterday were:

hooping Cough Jersey City's Kind Druggist.

Jersey City, has filled a number of Evening World prescriptions without charge, and offers to fill others at cost price. A Manhattanville Druggist's Offer. Fred W. Turner, druggist, 21 Lawrence street. Manhattanville, has kindly consented

to put up Evening World prescriptions for

John J. Mooney, druggist, 505 Grove street,

Saratoga's Vanity Fair. See the Sunday

STRANGE SHOOTING CASE.

MISS SHEPPARD DANGEROUSLY WOUNDED BY AN ALLEGED ACCIDENT.

IMPRCIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD, DECERROWN, N. J., Aug. 16 .- A shooting affair, the circumstances of which are very them every tensonable wish, and yet those neculiar, has set this town agog with excitement, and every effort is being made to learn the real state of affairs.

Some assert that the shooting was done in a fit of jealousy, while others hint at a possible attempt at suicide, growing out of a lover's quarrel. Emma Sheppard, a woman fifty years old,

living on Harrison street, is seriously wounded

in the breast, and James N. Miller is the man Miller says he called on Miss Sheppard yesterday morning to take her out for a drive.

He found her in the parlor with a revolver in her hand, which, she told him, was out of

Miller says he asked her if it was loaded. and she replied no.

Miller then took the revolver from her. and while examining it the weapon was dis-crarged, the ball entering Miss Sheipard's breast about two inches below the collar-bone, passing through the breast-bone.

The matter was kept quet, as the woman did not seem to be seriously injured. At 3 o'clock Dr. Pellot, of Hamburg, was sumck Dr. Pellot, of Hamburg, was sum-ed by Miller, e doctor arrived about 5 o'clock, and at nce probed for the ball, but was unable to find it. He thinks it passed between the two lungs, and is probably ledged in the left lung. The doctor pronounced the woman in a

dangerous condition. The woman corrobo-rated the statement of Miler.

The woman is divorced from her husband and Miller i said to be a widower. Why they were handling a revolver is unknown. The woman has made a statement to Just ce

Dennys, in which she gives the facts subantially stated above.

Moler says his home is in Passaic, but that he has been working in the vicinity of Amity of late. He has been paying attentions to Miss Sheppard for some time.

Remember, Wilkie Collins's Greatest Romance Is Now Running in the Sunday

A Self-Rellant Miss. (Albany Journal, Saratoga Letter,)
A party of girls, fair as the lily and as

lovely as the day, sat chatting on one of the hotel piazzas. Sad one of the number: Girls, can you ever fancy snything as inconvenient? Fidelo was taken sick this morning and I had to dress myself all alone."
"No!" in a cherus from the sympathetic listeners. Yes, really; and comb my own hair and

button my own boots."
"Impossible: How could you ever?"
"Well: I didn't suppose I could, but I did, and, "waxing confidential," girls, that wayn't

There was a hole in my sunshade and I mended it myself."
"Why, Sally, explain; do. Did you actually sew it?" with a little laugh, "but it was

No. with a sittle laugh. But it was in the black panel and I just put a piece of black court-plaster in un ler the place. See? And girs (are you sure there isn't a man around?). I mended one of my silk stockings, too. I put a postage-siamp over the hole; just that way."

Off came a aretty slipper, and, sure enough, right on the sale of a slappely little foot was right on the sole of a simpely little foot were the patriotic emblems of the United States Post-Office, showing that the wearer was on the Saratogo side of the Atlantic and not on the Baden Baden side.

A Talk with the Mighty Potentate of the Greek Church in Jerusalem. In Sunday's

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ONLY.

150 Men's All-Wool Suits, Reduced from \$15.00 -

> For Boys' All-Wool Suits (long pants). reduced from \$6.00, \$8.00 and \$12.00.

Special Sale of Men's Pantaloons at Half Price, TO-DAY & TC-MORROW ONLY, AT

Broadway cor. Grand St., Eighth Ave. cor. 40th St.

SEVEN DAYS MORE.

The Five Murderers Begin Their Last

Week of Life.

Many Curious People Try to Get Into the Tombs to See Them.

Giblin on the Anxious Seat Regarding His Appeal for a New Trial,

Seven days to live, and that calculation in-

cludes to-day, which will be well-nigh spent

when you read your Evening World to-

night, and the murderers in the Tombs will be saving. "Only six more days of life." It is the knowledge of the hour of death which makes its coming so fearful to think of for the condemned men. They are in the midst of men who treat

them gently and kindly. Men who grant men cannot lift a finger to save them from ne gallows.
It is the law, the law which they have out-

raged which has declared them too viie to live, and surrounded by kind-hearted gentle-men, men who would not willingly injure any one, they will be taken out next Friday morning to the paved courtyard of the Tombs end hanged. Packenham, the oldest man of the five, said

to an EVENING WOALD reporter recently:
"If I only had my life to live over again,
how differently I would spend it." how differently I would spend it."

It is impossible to describe the regret and despar in his voice as he spoke.

Noisn was the on y one who had a visitor yesterday. That was his brother, and the young fellows conversed in a vein of cheerfulness which they were far from feeling.

At the parting tears welled in the eyes of both, and Noian's brother wept freely as he walked out.

walked out. Lewis, the negro murderer, is utterly "have you no friends at all in any part of the country?" a deputy sheriff who pitied has lonely condition asked him.

"No sah. My mothe, was the only friend I ever had, an' slie is dead. I moved too much to make friends, and there is not one who will rest a bit less easy to-night because I am in the shadow of death," he answered sadly. Under-Sheriff Sexton has been indefatiga ble in making everything comfortable for the

him. He visits the murderers at least twice a day. and personally superintends the changing of the death watch every twelve hours.

The doomed men have learned to look for his bright, sunny face, as he a wavs has a cheering word or a word of hope for them. Warden Osborne, Clerk John Connelly and Gatekeener Frice in the Franklin siree office are pestered nowadays by people who apply for permission to go through the Tombs to see it.

They really only want to see the condemned men. The Warden has but his foot down, and says visitors are baraed until after the execution, and Mr. Donnesly and Mr. Price faithfully see that his instructions are car

ried out.
These three gentlemen will be obliged to do double work from now until Saturday next.
The two scaff lds will be erected after the
men take their last walk in the court-yard
next Thursday.
Many things they will do for the last time

that day eat their last duner, their last sup-per, go to bed for the last time, and then try not to think of it. (liblin is on the auxious seat, and hopes that motion for a new trial which is to be made for him by Mes-rs. Howe and Hummel be-fore Judge Ingraham next Monday, will result favorably Father Gelinus and the Rev. Dr. Heatt, are

in constant a tendance on the doomed men, who, as their hour draws nearer and nearer, turn more earnestly to the consolations of re-

DUANE TO BE HEARD HERE.

CORPORATION COUNSEL CLARK WINS A PRELIMINARY VICTORY. Aqueduct Commissioner Gen. James C.

his eligibility to the office tried in Albany Assistant Attorney-General Poste agreed to this, and also agreed on a statement of facts to be submitted to the General Term. Corporation Counsel Clark protested against the piace of trial and the statement of facts to be submitted, and his p etest has borne fruit, for Attorney-General Tabor has set ande and nullified his assistant's action.

To-day Mr. Clark stated to an Evening Wostn reporter. WORLD reporter:

Duane is not to have the friendly suit to test

I have received from Attorney-Gen. Tabor a letter in which he advises me that, if a case can be agreed on, it may be heard at the General Term of the Supreme Court, which sits in this county in October, and he fixed next Monday for a hearing before himself in Albany.

I shall gladly attend, and I have no "doubt that the necessary matters of fact can readily be agreed upon.

that the necessary matters of fact can readily be agreed upon.

I consider the action of Attorney-General Tabor in reopening and rehearing the case and designating this county, where the defendant resides, as the place of trial, instead of Albany County, as a substantial justification for the vigorous protest which I was compelled to make against the arbitrary and unprecedented action of a deputy in his office.